

RUSSIAN POLICE HAVE A SCHEME

To Meet Conspiracy with Conspiracy Their Plan.

SECRET AGENTS AT WORK

Get Around Under Guise of Workmen.

St. Petersburg, Aug. 3.—The Russian police have hit upon the idea of meeting conspiracy with conspiracy. So they have organized a force of secret agents, who, under the guise of "hunting workmen," circulate among the fellows pamphlets depicting the existing order of government, and depicting all constitutional forms as being a tendency to subvert the laboring man in the middle classes. The following is the line of argument contained in one of these pamphlets: "Taking France as an illustration, the writer says that it was the French workmen who caused the revolution; they shot their king and made their children orphans; and to what end? The power almost immediately passed into the hands of the bourgeoisie, and under the pretext of defending themselves against the workmen they have become the oppressors of the laboring man. The workmen then discovered too late how they had been deceived by the revolutionaries. Russian workmen, says the writer, must not make such a mistake. They must not look upon this matter through the eyes of disappointed revolutionary teachers. The fact is that the existing government is already meeting the workmen on a level with the bourgeoisie. In fact, the bourgeoisie has been described already in this journal.

CLYDE FITCH.

When, last December, the famous comedian, President Roosevelt, ex-Governor Crane, of Massachusetts, Secretary Cortes and Detective Craig were near the trolley car that was to cause such a disastrous accident, Governor Crane was telling the President about the talents and aspirations of the driver of the trolley car, David Fitch, proprietor of the local horse stable. Then the trolley car crashed into the party and all hands, including David himself, forgot about the talents of the driver.

The whole country remembers the accident which resulted in the death of Crane and the injury of the President. But the whole country does not know that the accident had another remarkable result. It revived David Fitch's ambition for writing plays. By strict attention to the literary business, Fitch had earned the reputation of being the best writer and actor in the country, and, according to the New York World, he is called the "Clyde Fitch of the horsemen."

David Fitch lives in Dallas, Texas. A little town in the valley of the Brazos. He is sixty years old. He says he would play until thirty years ago but never did any one about it.

Last June, after the accident, he wrote another play that was produced in Dallas. The trolley car came from Pittsburgh, and the driver was a witness to it. He wrote his first play in 1890. It was called "The White Horse." It was a comedy. It was produced in Dallas. It was a success. It was a success. It was a success.

When interviewed as to his methods, Mr. Fitch said: "I got the whole play in my mind first."

Then, here, perhaps, David scores one against the other dramatists. The trolley car is called the "White Horse." It is a comedy. It is a success. It is a success. It is a success.

No dramatist, like another dramatist, can play the life of a trolley car. No dramatist, like another dramatist, can play the life of a trolley car. No dramatist, like another dramatist, can play the life of a trolley car.

The scene of Mr. Fitch's play is in Dallas. Mr. Fitch says: "I had a cousin who used to live in Dallas. He has told me so much about life there. I thought I would make use of my knowledge."

TROUBLE FROM PARROT.

When their first human being lay on one new automobile a white horse was used as the sign for the machine for the movement of the steam engine. In a few days after this disaster there was trouble in the town. The engine would not start and the car would not move. The trouble was caused by a parrot. The parrot was a white horse. The parrot was a white horse. The parrot was a white horse.

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WEAPONS WOMEN USE.

The weapons which women fight with today have been described in history and in the findings of the police stations. The latter records are probably more accurate; they are certainly more modern and more likely to interest the New York woman of today, who is liable to figure in sensational of her own.

According to these reports, the most common weapon used by women is the knife. The knife is a common weapon. The knife is a common weapon. The knife is a common weapon. The knife is a common weapon. The knife is a common weapon. The knife is a common weapon. The knife is a common weapon. The knife is a common weapon. The knife is a common weapon. The knife is a common weapon.

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NEW ANECDOTES OF POPE LEO

Many Stories Told of the Late Pontiff.

RELATION TO NEWSPAPERS

Not Commercially Inclined but Lovers of Art.

Rome, Aug. 3.—Pope Leo was a strict disciplinarian. Always busy himself, he disliked to see others idle. His intimates often heard him say to high prelates and even to Cardinals visiting him in his bedroom: "Your Eminence, let us hope that sooner or later you will get tired of visiting the country." At other times he spoke more directly: "No, I won't grant vacations. Remain in Rome like ourselves. If it is good enough for us it ought to be good enough for other servants of the church."

When one of his secretaries, Mr. Bocconi, was caught by Leo yawning, he said, impatiently: "That tired feeling again! I don't understand it."

Leo retired for the night at 9 o'clock but at that early hour his programme of work was not finished by any means. He usually remained awake for many hours, composing verses and dictating them to a secretary sitting by his bedside.

His bedchamber was his favorite reception and working room. When a person of much importance was received, the bed was concealed behind curtains, Leo presiding himself that no one suspected its presence.

CENSORSHIP OF NEWSPAPERS.—Though the Vatican has more than 11,000 rooms, Leo never had a dining room of his own. Meals were served wherever he happened to be. In his bedroom, library, sitting-room or throne-room—it was all the same to him. Commander Stirling, the Grand Chaplain, used to keep him company at luncheon, dinner and supper. He is a lover of art and gossip, and Leo playfully called him the "only uncensored newspaper."

He saw, for through Rimpolla would not admit it, nothing except the daily press clipping reports submitted to the Pope that his Eminence had not seen and approved of.

The Italian clerical papers are forbidden by Rimpolla to publish reports on the Pope's state of health. At one time Mr. Engel, when reading a Roman daily to the Pope, skipped a paragraph dealing with the Holy Father's late spell of illness. Leo observed it and knocking the paper from his hand with a fan, said: "Send me your valet; I see your eyes are giving out."

HE WAS PROUD OF HIS HEALTH.—If Leo prided himself on one thing more than another it was his health. At a rule he permitted his doctors to prescribe only one kind of medicine, a good laugh. Instead of bothering him with questions about his liver they had to tell stories. To Lappini he often said: "Don't get excited, doctor, we have a better physician than you—Divine Providence."

On one occasion Lappini had forbidden the Holy Father to speak longer than ten minutes at a reception of pilgrims, and, the time being up, the doctor began to cough. Leo gave him a friendly look, and, after he had finished, remarked: "You have a bad cold, Lappini; better go to the Vatican drugstore and get some syrup at my expense."

In February, 1892, when the Pope was about to be operated upon, he asked Prof. Mazzoni how he felt about it. The professor, fearing loss of reputation in case the Pope did not survive, answered truthfully enough: "Rather shaky, Your Holiness."

No matter, replied Leo, "I have courage for two, and, besides, Lappini, add: 'No, fear; go ahead in God's name.'"

When Bishop Ireland called upon him soon after his operation the kind-hearted American could not restrain his tears. "Don't cry," said the Pope, as if addressing a child. "You are not old enough to think of death by a good many years."

HIS ONE BIT OF AMERICAN SLANG.—On another occasion, when the Pope had to refrain from giving audience, in order of his physicians, he sent for the Tribune in the evening, and before opening the paper said to his secretary: "If it were not sinful I would say: What do you bet that they have me half dead again?"

The anecdote that after a certain sick spell he addressed Cardinal Adenau with the words: "Have you your little hammer about you?" is true. Both his valet and the bedroom attendants heard the remark. The Pope referred to the silver hammer with which he had been officially pronounced dead.

When Rimpaldi called Leo called his valet and said: "Curious is it not? The statesman-giant of the century dies of a complication of diseases, while this little boy continues to resist attacks of ill-health."

In 1888 influenza laid low most of the Cardinals. Leo immediately exclaimed: "These young men always seem to have time to be ill."

If the Pope was ill his valet had to be up and about day and night. He seldom left the Vatican, and Leo was very grateful to him for his devotion. During the operation in the winter of 1892 Leo held the vessel to receive the blood, and as he knelt at the side of the bed the Pope saw that his face was white with terror. "Courage, little Leo," whispered Leo. "They are cutting me up, not you."

THE POPE'S OLDEST CONVERSION.—One day, when Cardinal Nuncio in Brussels, Leo was literally held up by a workman in the street who insisted that he must listen to what he had to say about the "damned Catholics."

"Very well," replied his Eminence, "I listen. And when you get through, take these 10 francs, buy yourself a new suit of clothes and come to my office. There you will listen to me even as I now listen to you." The workman kept the appointment and left the Nuncio's office a true son of the church.

As a young man and priest, and even as Bishop, Leo was very fond of hunting. After becoming Pope he hunted with the net only, and always generously released the birds he caught in the Vatican garden.

HIS KEEN APPRECIATION OF ART.—An Italian painter had secured the order for decorating the "Gallery of Candelieri," and after he had been at work several weeks the Pope went to see what progress he was making, and, although

the maestro tried to restrain him by much halting talk insisted upon mounting scaffold and investigating for himself. When he stepped down his face was red with anger. "Remove these daubs without delay," he said to the master of the palace. "Another artist shall be called in, and, in mind, this time we will not be misled by national preferences." Thereupon Ludwig Seitz was employed, and he did the work so well that Leo commissioned him afterward to renovate the Borgia apartments.

When another French artist asked Leo to inscribe a portrait he had painted, the Pope did so in the words: "Don't be frightened, it's me."

NOT COMMERCIALLY INCLINED.—While Leo was bent on making as much money as possible for the church he was not commercially inclined. True, he sold the products of the Vatican vineyard to the highest bidder, but the proposals of a stock company to market the wine under the Vatican label and with Papal authority were indignantly declined. Even an offer of \$1,000,000 cash for the monopoly failed to tempt Leo.

THE POPE AND HIS RELATIVES.—Count Camillo Pecci, General of the Vatican Noble Guard and nephew of the Pope, is not a very efficient manager, and, as a consequence, was sometimes forced to ask his uncle for financial aid. Several years ago when he was in trouble for the hundredth time, he sent his wife, a Cuban lady of great beauty, to the Pope to worm some cash out of Uncle Leo, but the more the girl talked the fiercer became the Holy Father's attitude. Finally playing her last trump, she said: "If Your Holiness refuses to help poor Camillo I will have to go on the stage to earn money."

"Is that so?" smiled the Pope. "What a shame! I must assist your debut. Let the niece! But I shall buy a box, several boxes, if you like."

In January, 1901, Countess Pecci's public appearance took place, but not on the variety stage, as threatened, but in a church concert for the benefit of the poor.

WOOLWICH ARSENAL.

The terrible accident at Woolwich Arsenal, the seventh and worst that has happened there within the last hundred years, calls to mind the fact that but for a great disaster we should never have had the great ordnance establishment at Woolwich, declares the St. James Gazette. When, in 1795, it was discovered by the military authorities that there were "but two 12-pounders and not one 24 or 32-pounder for land service," it was determined to hastily make good the lack of defensive weapons. By way of carrying out the scheme, it was resolved to recruit certain old gunners who had been taken from the French by Marlborough. The founder for casting the guns, was then in Upper Moorfields, hard by Wesley's Tabernacle. As a matter of fact the evangelist preached at times to the workmen in their sheds. Here, for the remodeling of the guns, a great company of notables was invited, gentlemen for their accommodation erected, and elaborate preparations made for their entertainment.

One of the colonels was Andrew Schach, a Swiss journeyman founder, who was staying in this country picking up some information as was available about our dockyards, even as more illustrious persons than he had done. He detected latent dampness in the outside, and recognizing that there must be an explosion, addressed himself to the first person who could understand his French. This happened to be Col. Armstrong, who, on the day of the explosion, was in the office, satisfying himself that the young man knew what he was talking about, removed the members of his own family, and as many about him as he was able to persuade to retreat. The prophecy of the foreman proved only too true. There was a terrible explosion; molten metal scattered like spray on those around, the sheds were shattered, the buildings destroyed, and a number of persons injured. The guns remained unscathed, and still England lacked adequate weapons for land defense.

The tradition runs that Schach, by way of reward, was appointed a life honorary department to select a site for, and erect and equip, an arsenal; that he chose Woolwich and lived happily afterwards turning out the best possible ammunition for the British empire. That he did in the best possible way, and that he became, with credit to himself, and profit to his country, a master founder, at a salary of 45 per day, is beyond dispute, but the selection of the site did not lie with him. Woolwich has been our chief naval and military repository since the time of Henry VIII. Prince Rupert commanded a battery of sixty guns there and ships were sunk in the tide-way, and others placed on guard to defend the London of those days from invasion by the Dutch. Under Schach the new foundries were established, the site added to that occupied by the then existing stores being known for a great number of years as the Warren, from the fact that it was in reality a rabbit warren before conversion to its present use. Convict labor built the new works. Huge melancholy three-decked hulks were moored in the river and were the homes of the shackled sinners who toiled in the arsenals, the foundries and dockyards.

We speak roughly at 2 minutes day and night throughout the ordinary year upon our ordnance factories. The explosives come from Waltham, the small arms from Enfield and Sparkbrook. Fifteen thousand men find employment at Woolwich, and with their families, make up a population equaling that of a fair-sized provincial city. The staff can turn out 30,000 tons of shot and shell each year, an extravagant sum when it is remembered that the Allies threw 30,000 tons of the same of the same place. But in addition to shot and shell the Royal Arsenal has a reputed capacity for the supply of 150,000,000 cartridges annually, a number more than sufficient to obliterate the male population of Europe.

As to guns of heavy calibre, an output of ten thousand tons per year is mentioned as within the capacity of the arsenal.

NO USE FOR HYPHENS.

According to a foreign journal, there is at present a tendency in certain parts of France to write compound words as though they were single. Why any one objects to the hyphen, but presumably, if it is ever discarded, the reason will be because people have said to themselves: "We don't need the hyphen, for by omitting it and joining the various parts of compound words we can make them all single."

If France ceases to use the hyphen, other countries may follow her example, and in that case we may expect to see in print such words as railroadman, basketball, typewriter, ticketless, backwater, skyscraper, speaking-trumpet, hot-ter, worldwide, Spanish-American, English-speaking, seamenhouse, lower-fairs, subterranean and selfeducation.

Talk is still cheap, but it costs \$1.50 a word to transport it to the Philippines by the new cable.

CROESUS OF THE ESKIMO

Kor-ko-ya's Vast Fortunes at Forbisher Bay.

LIVES IN OLD SHANTY

Something More of the Eskimo "Millionaire."

Upon Forbisher Bay, on the eastern shore of Baffin Land, frequented only by whalers and walrus hunters, lives Kor-ko-ya, the richest Eskimo in the world. Affluence is a relative term largely modified by environment and the New York plutocrat would be as helpless, despite all his means, if dropped in Forbisher Bay as would Kor-ko-ya if transplanted to Fifth avenue.

Of late years the Eskimo "millionaire" has been acquiring the luxuries of civilization. Two summers ago he placed a window in his house. With an advance that means an ordinary Eskimo method may be understood by recollecting that the average "lunatic" their own name lives in a snow house in winter and in a tent during the summer. Kor-ko-ya's house is built out of wooden planks, the wreckage of ships cast away in that perilous quarter, and in civilized climes a man would not lodge cattle in it. But it is as a metropolitan mansion to the habitations of his neighbors. A year or so ago he added an oil lamp to his possessions, and the last summer he brought him up a stove. His progressive tendencies are not the subject of discussion among seasoned whalers in a half dozen ports, and it is said he is to have a table next year.

The Eskimos are anything but thrifty. Saving is an unknown art with them. They will gorge themselves with food today if they kill a seal, though they may starve tomorrow. It is a tribal custom also to divide the spoils of the chase with the unlucky, just as it is to exchange wives and, therefore, they take what the fates provide in the matter of food and clothing and no man worries himself.

Kor-ko-ya is, however, a man apart; the exception that proves the rule. He is sixty-one years old, having first seen the light in a little native village north of the present Danish township of Julianah, in West Greenland. He left his home when young, joining a whaler for a cruise, and crossed Baffin Bay to the tribes there, with whom he thenceforward made his home. They were rated as seal hunters, and his instincts turning that way he also he speedily distinguished himself. He was gifted with qualities unique among the Eskimos.

He was a keen trader as well as an expert hunter, and he brought from his neighbors and sold to the whalers. By the time he was twenty he was a leader in the tribe and his "qaja" his hub, and five years later he was the undisputed head of the little community, which he has since made the largest and most influential in all the Baffin region.

His wealth has now grown to great proportions, the region and materials considered. He has probably not a dollar bill or a half-eagle in his possession, for money would be of no use to him. But he has enough and to spare of everything essential to existence in that desolate land. He owns no fewer than ten kayaks (canoes for men), and sixty horn-tipped double-bladed paddles. He also owns four combs (women's boats), with thirty single-bladed paddles for their propulsion. His stock of harpoons, knives, walrus and walrus hides is both large and perfect, and he is the admiral of his own fleet. He and his allies killed the past season over sixty walrus, and his stock of blubber for the winter consisted of seventy-two hanks or black logs, weighing about 100 pounds each. Besides he bartered as much more to the whaler with hides and tusks, and in part payment received the store above mentioned.

For the chase on land he has forty dogs, all crossed with the Newfoundland breed, which makes them much better for hauling purposes, and more tender and jolly if they have to be eaten, as often happens through ill-success in a deer hunt. There are sixty komatiks, which these dogs draw, the sledges being used to convey rations on the outward trip and the deer meat and hides coming home.

In his well-covered hills or shorehouses are piled large quantities of walrus hides and tusks, whalebone, narwhal ivory, reindeer and caribou skins and antlers, sealers and all the other products of the region. Though he sells large quantities of these to the whalers every summer, he still has enough to keep him in plenty for some years, when he is no longer able to follow the chase or manage his kayak. It is in this that his thrift is most remarkable, for while some of his brethren, taking pattern by him, have gathered together some property as a stay for old age, it is the extent of his possessions which has earned him distinction and made him an unfailing topic of interest among whalers and explorers.

It is, however, in wives that he is considered richest. He has no less than ten of them, all of whom can be discarded without the necessity of a divorce, and transferred to other members of the tribe in exchange for desirable members of their feminine property. The Eskimo woman must be strong of jaw and persistently industrious, for the archaic method of keeping skin garments soft and pliable is for the women to chew the skins all over, from time to time. This constant practice gives the women jaws and teeth strong enough to bite through not only seals, which they will often do on board the whalers, but being given an enemy preserve can, if they will bite a fragment out of the lid.

Kor-ko-ya, thought past his sixtieth year, is still sturdy and active. He boards every ship that enters his domain, for he is king in fact if not in theory, and his bargaining is as close and shrewd as ever. He gets guns and ammunition for deer hunting, food and seal for lance, bows and komatik runners and all the trappings material which takes the place of more costly furs in the savage mind. He is an interesting subject for the whalers and traders and that is why the fact of his procuring a stove has been carried over 2,000 miles and discussed by hardy sailors in Scotch and Newfoundland and New Bedford drinking shops which the whalers visit. When Kor-ko-ya is asked where he got the stove, he always drops the name of the man who has known him—Chicago News.

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